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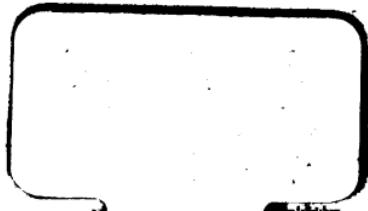
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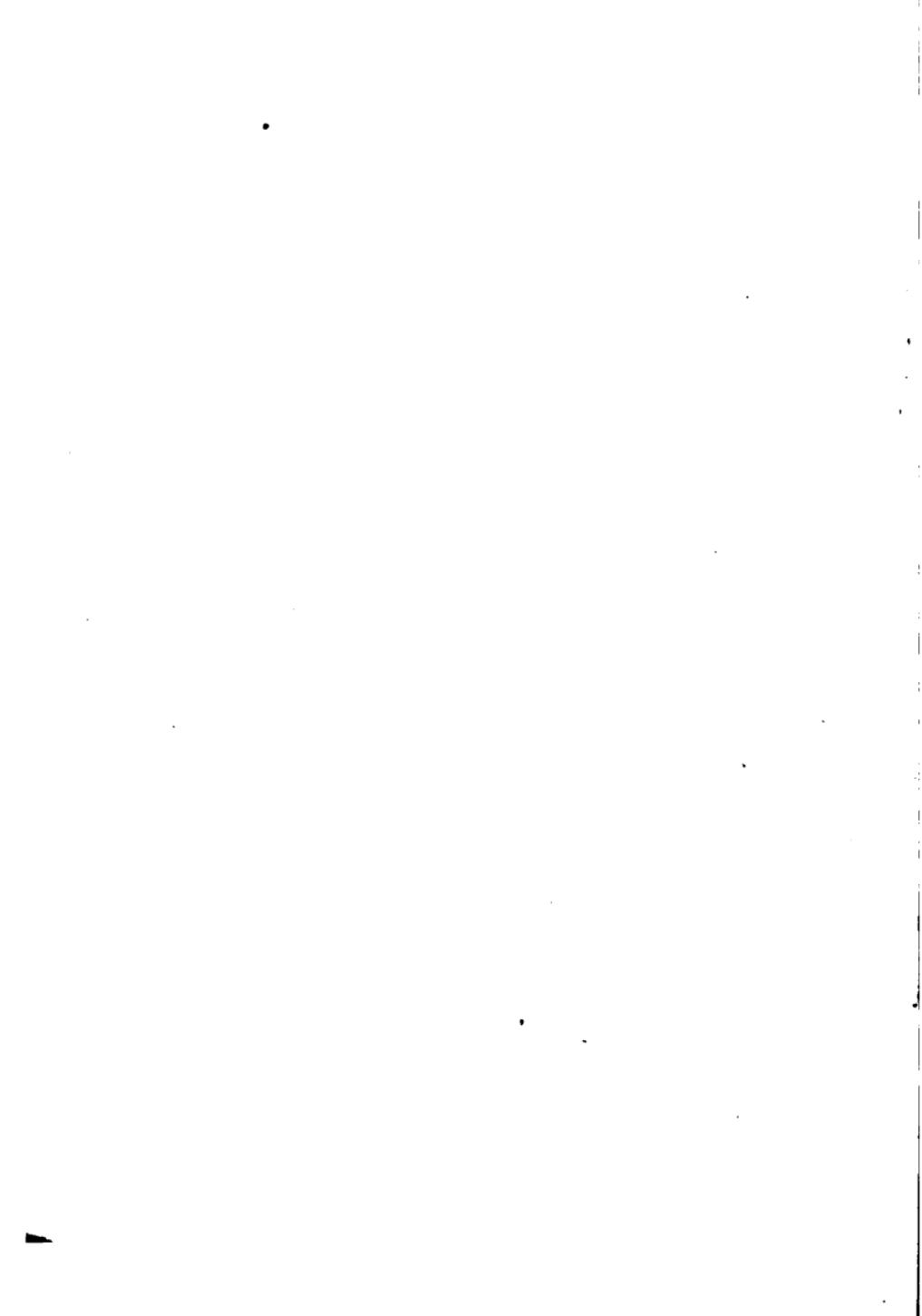
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NEI



**M E L O D Y**



# M E L O D Y

BY

GEORGE F. O'CONNELL



NEW YORK  
THE DEVIN-ADAIR COMPANY

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Burr Printing House  
New York

**TO THE  
DEARLY CHERISHED MEMORY OF  
MY MOTHER**



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**M E L O D Y**



## RETROSPECTION

### *To My Mother*

The passing years have left untouched  
My memory's sacred thrill,  
Thy voice's tone—thine eyes' soft gaze,  
That cause mine own to fill,  
Across my vision flash, undimmed  
By death's oblivion still.

To-day upon my soul descends the vital part of  
thee—  
The thing immortal that is surging on,  
And throbs in me,  
And makes me feel how wondrous is our love's  
great unity.



## M E L O D Y

*To Mme. Julia Claussen*

Bid me to sing—that some poor wounded soul

    May live awhile forgetful of its pain.

Bid me to sing—mayhap for one to lift the veil

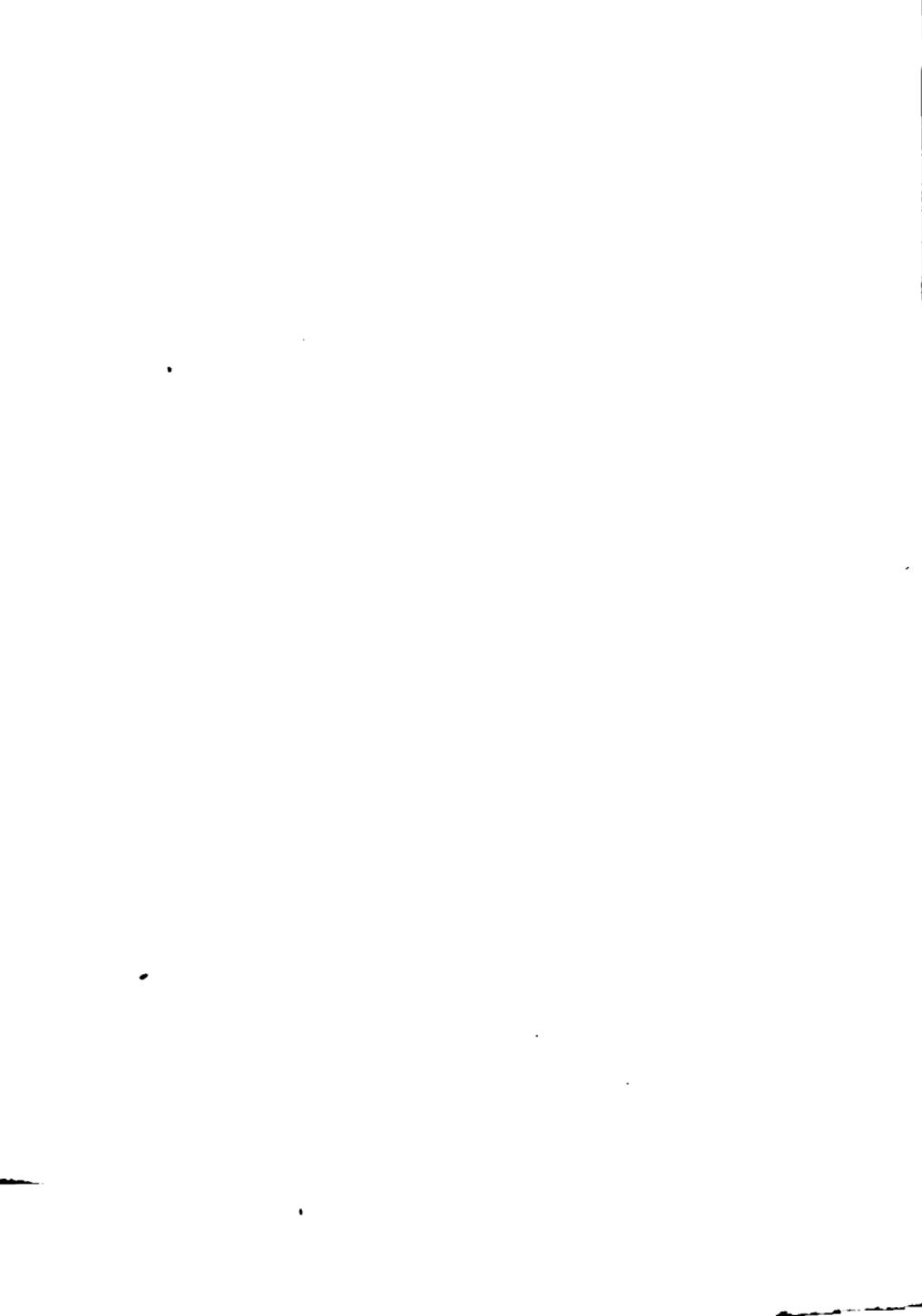
    Of some sweet yesterday again.

Bid me to sing—who knows a soaring meadow-lark

    May sing an answer to my lay.

Bid me to sing—dear God, that he who wanders far

    May hear and find again his way.



## TO THE SEA

*To Adelaide Whytal*

Down by the sea, near the water's edge,  
Where the sands are soft and gray,  
A fair-haired lad with a tiny ship  
Is lost in his boyish play.  
And only the cry of a mother gull  
And the ringing laugh of a child  
'And the crooning song of the restless deep  
Break on this stillness mild.

Down by the sea, near the water's edge,  
A big ship came one day,  
And a sailor lad kissed an aged brow—  
And the big ship sailed away.  
The sudden boom of a battle gun,  
The flight of a frightened bird,  
A murmured prayer on two trembling lips—  
But never a sob was heard.

Down by the sea, near the water's edge,  
A lonely woman stands  
With an anchor white, on a blue tattered rag,

*TO THE SEA*

Clasped in her trembling hands,  
But deep in her mother's heart lives a pride,  
For a hero's blood has been shed;  
She smiles through her tears, for the Victor's flag  
Was borne by her noble dead!

## MEMORIES

*To Mina C. Pfirshing*

In the early flush of the sunset sky  
A song of a thrush in a tree close by  
Brought a message of hope for a life to be—  
This song of a thrush in a maple tree.

In the twilight dim of that evening still  
The mournful call of a whippoorwill  
Brought a tear-dimmed face of a mother mild  
To the aching heart of a lonely child.

In the midnight hush of the starlight pale  
The pleading tones of a nightingale  
Came throbbing in rapturous ecstasy,  
'Til it wakened an olden love in me.

But ah! in the dawn, on the dewy ground,  
It was only a mocking-bird I found,  
Whose little heart broke with songs not his own  
As he sang of a love that he once had known.



## YOUR SONG

*To Carrie Jacobs Bond*

Sing to me, darlin', a bit of a song,  
As I lie in the moonlight anear you.  
There's a rift in my heart and a hurt in my soul,  
And sure 'twill be soothin' to hear you.  
For oh, 'tis the wondrous voice that you own  
So wistful and soft to my hearin'.  
What memories I have, as I list to its lilts,  
Of faces and things so endearin'.

There's times when your note has the call of a lark,  
And again, I can hear the sweet linnet;  
But always, dear—always—it leaps to my heart  
For the tear and the wail that there's in it.  
So sing to me, dearest, a lone little chant,  
To ease me and still my poor sighin'—  
For 'tis only your song that can rest me to-night,  
As here in the moonlight I'm lyin'.



## D E S E R T E D

*To Mrs. May Ramsdell*

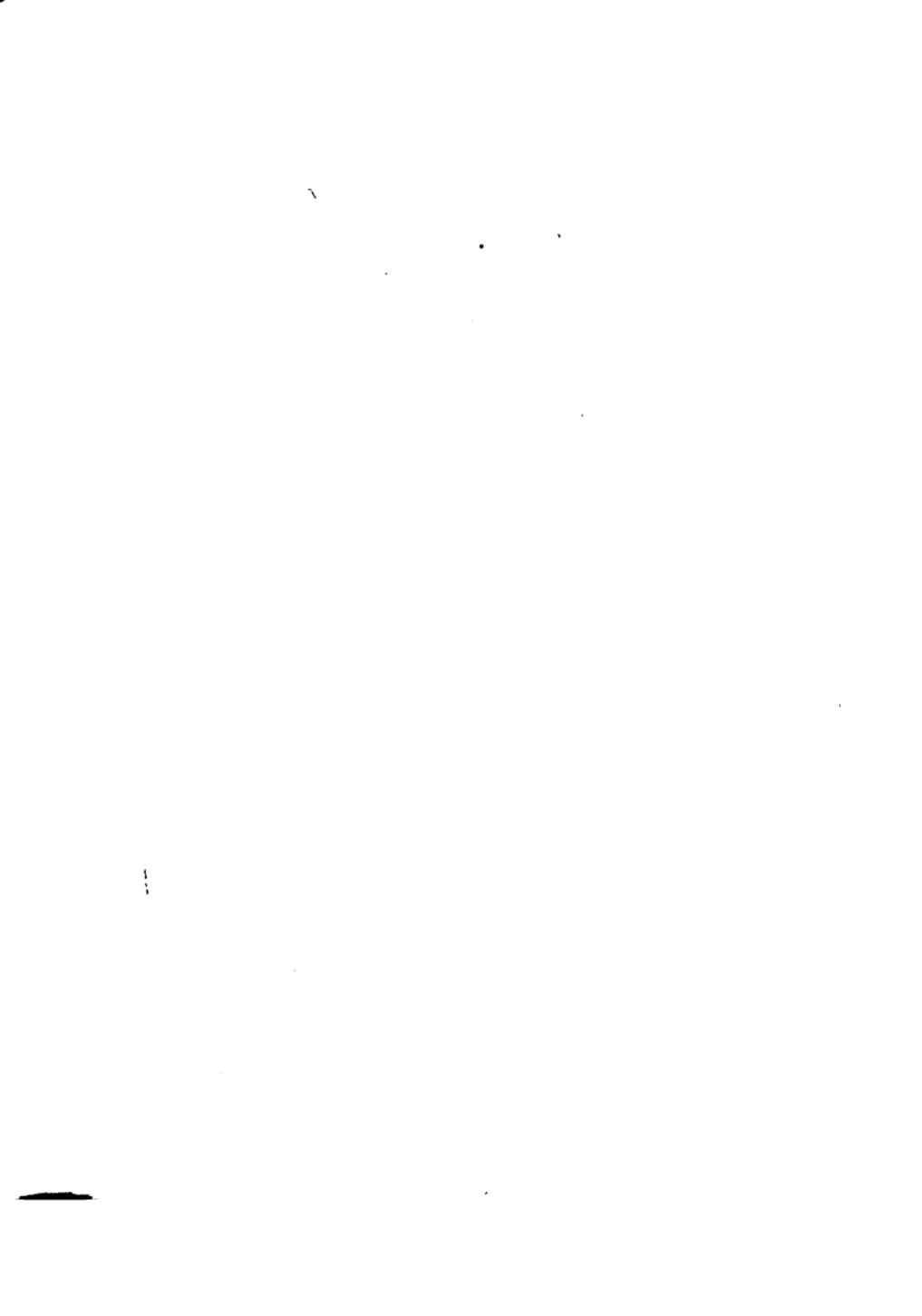
The old house stands deserted and forsaken,  
    Amid the dreams that yesterday were true;  
There is no voice can call it to awaken,  
    For they are gone—who once its shelter knew.

The garden too is overgrown with wild things.  
    This barren heap was once a pansy bed.  
The clustered grape—the rose vine—and the mild  
    things  
That grew in sweet profusion—now are dead.

Bethink you! This was once a hallowed bower  
    Where love's own mystic voice in whispers  
        spoke.

This crumbling sundial marked the trembling hour  
    When two lives parted with a silent hope:

How many autumn twilights long have vanished  
    Since from this garden gazed an aged face,  
Whose hope for his return time never banished,  
    Whose tear-worn eyes his soldier form would  
        trace.



## THE SWAN

*To Kathleen*

A lonely swan drifts down the tranquil lake,  
A willow tree is moaning on the shore;  
I know the silent thing is grieving for its mate,  
The willow sobs for springs that are no more.



## A L A M E N T

*To Eleanor Hymer.*

I am waitin' here beside the road 'til you be  
passin' by,

And ask the roguish likes of you to give the  
reason why

A poor young gossoon like myself should pine in  
sad despair

And you be so unnoticin' and seemin' not to care.

Arrah, Delia Doolin, quit your foolin' an' leave  
off your teasin' ways—

Faith, me nights you're overrulin' an' you're  
damagin' my days;

I'm so worried and uncivil—you're to blame, you  
little devil,

Sure you have me killed entirely—Delia darlin'  
be my own!

There's not a lad about the place can love you  
more than I,

And 'tis envious they all will be to see us steppin'  
by,

*A LAMENT*

And you'll be leamin' on my arm enjoyin' the  
hilarity

And I'll be smilin' down upon the beauteous Mrs.  
Flaherty.

Arrah, Delia Doolin, quit your foolin' an' leave  
off your teasin' ways—

Faith, me nights you're overrulin' an' you're  
damagin' my days;

I'm so worried and uncivil—you're to blame, you  
little devil,

Sure you have me killed entirely—Delia darlin'  
be my own!

## A GYPSY SLUMBER SONG

*To Mrs. Eugene Malloy*

Little lad of a wandering tribe sleeping upon my  
breast

I clasp thy limbs of dusky brown, and watch thee  
through thy rest.

The silver charm about thy neck shines in the  
campfire's light,

And thy fate's star is hanging low to bless thy  
future's flight.

Sleep, my babe, for I love thee—my little lad of  
Romany.

Little king of the dusty road, slumber till break-  
ing dawn

When the catbird's call will waken us, after the  
night is gone;

Then we'll hie once more through the woodland  
paths

And cross the meadow's streams, and pitch our  
tent when evening comes

And sing to dreams you again, to dreams.

Sleep, my child, for I'm watching thee—my little  
lad of Romany.

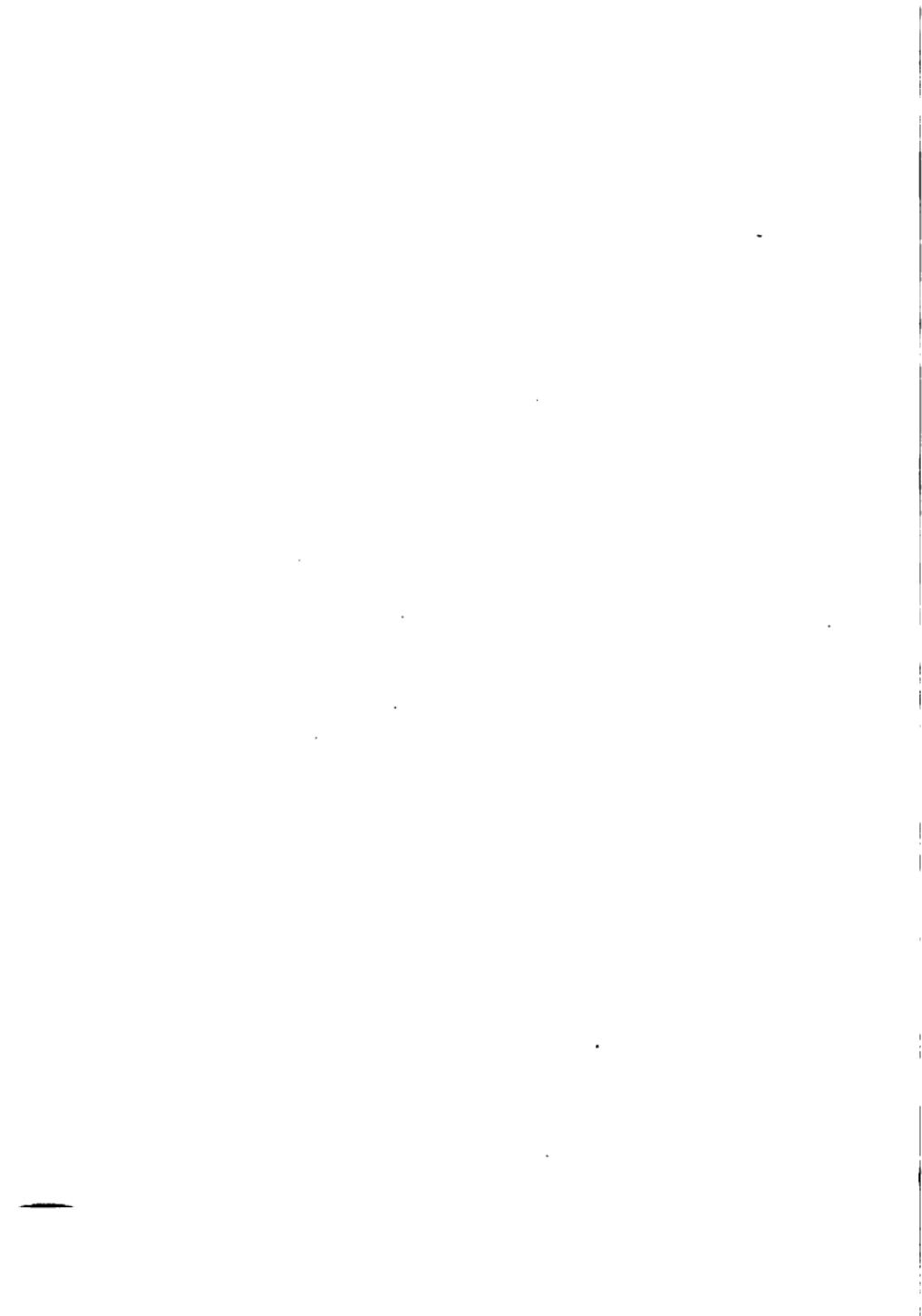


## DEDICATION

*To Myrtle Reed*

Thy silver pen lies tarnished with its rust,  
And thou that once did wield its mystic themes  
Hast long since found thy sleep 'mid nature's  
claiming dust,  
And left us but these pages of thy dreams.

And yet within this book wherein thy hand did  
trace  
The love tales and romance, so sweetly told,  
Doth seem to live again thy well-remembered  
face,  
And thy spirit held a captive in its fold.



## THE VICTOR

*To Lieut. Morgan B. McDermott*

Now take thy rest, for thou art glorious sublime—  
Thou valiant youth victorious, entombed in for-  
eign clime.

A star of gold is hung for three upon a flag flown  
high,

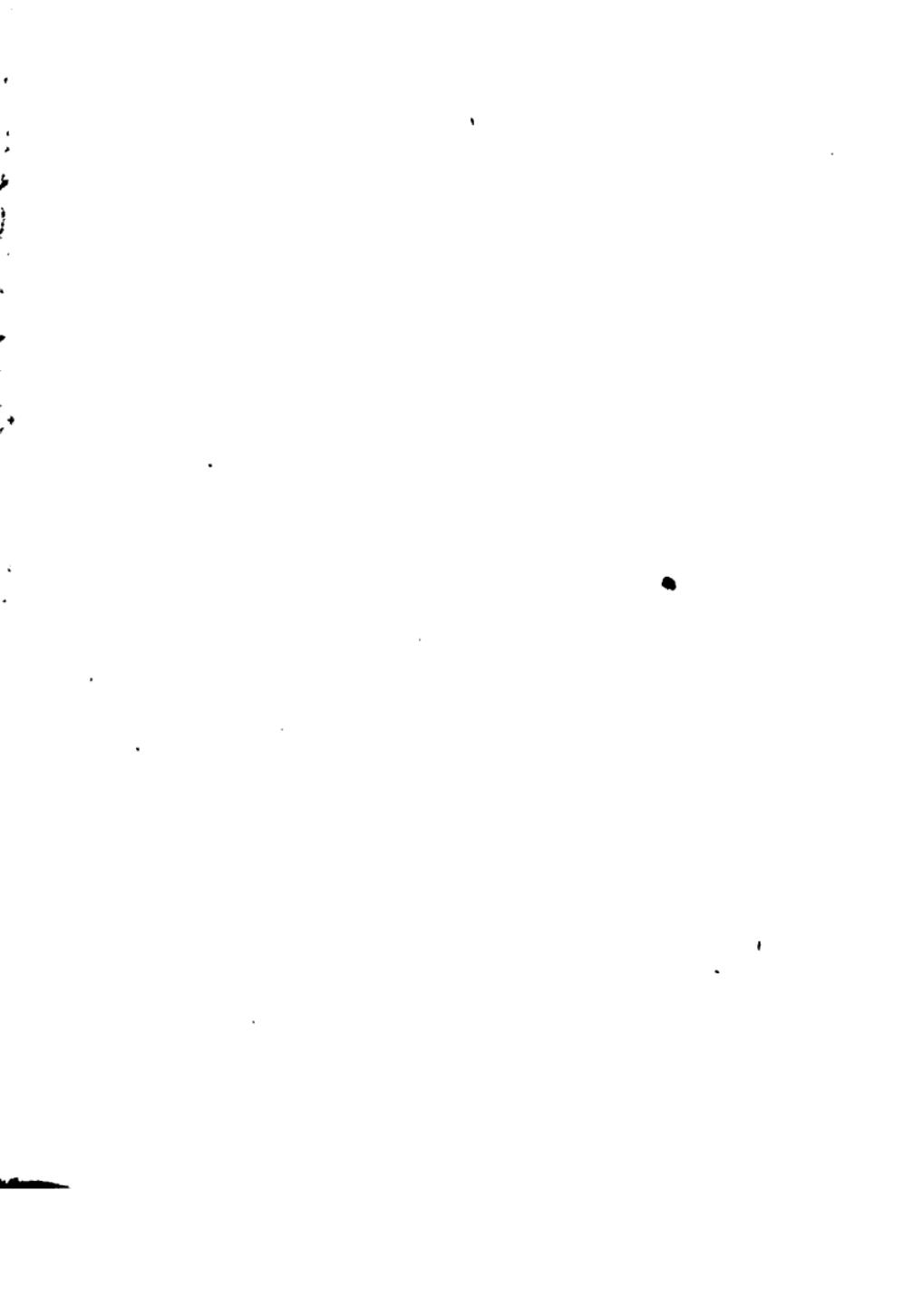
A brighter one gleams forth to-night in God's  
remembering sky.

Rest thou in peace, thou fearless one and brave,  
Thy radiant soul is glorified, thy blood has freed  
the slave;

The trumpet sounds thy welcome call beneath the  
sacred dome,

And Christ Himself goes forth to lead His child,  
His soldier, home!

Now take thy rest.



## LA MADONNA DEL AZURA

*To My Mother*

The sky is but reflected light  
From thy soft mantle fair,  
The ocean's blue God made for you  
Because that hue you wear;  
The violet and forget-me-not,  
The bird with azure wing,  
Are little thoughts to thee on earth  
That grow and bloom and sing.



## DEVOTION

*To Mrs. Sarah Fahy*

Once when my heart was aching  
After a soul that had fled,  
Once when life's bonds seemed breaking  
And future hopes lay dead,  
**I** came to you in that valley—  
You were awaiting me there.  
Your faith touched mine in its rally,  
Your smile awakened my prayer.  
**I** hold you close in affection  
Just for the cheer of that day.  
Always this sweet recollection—  
Your love illumined my way.



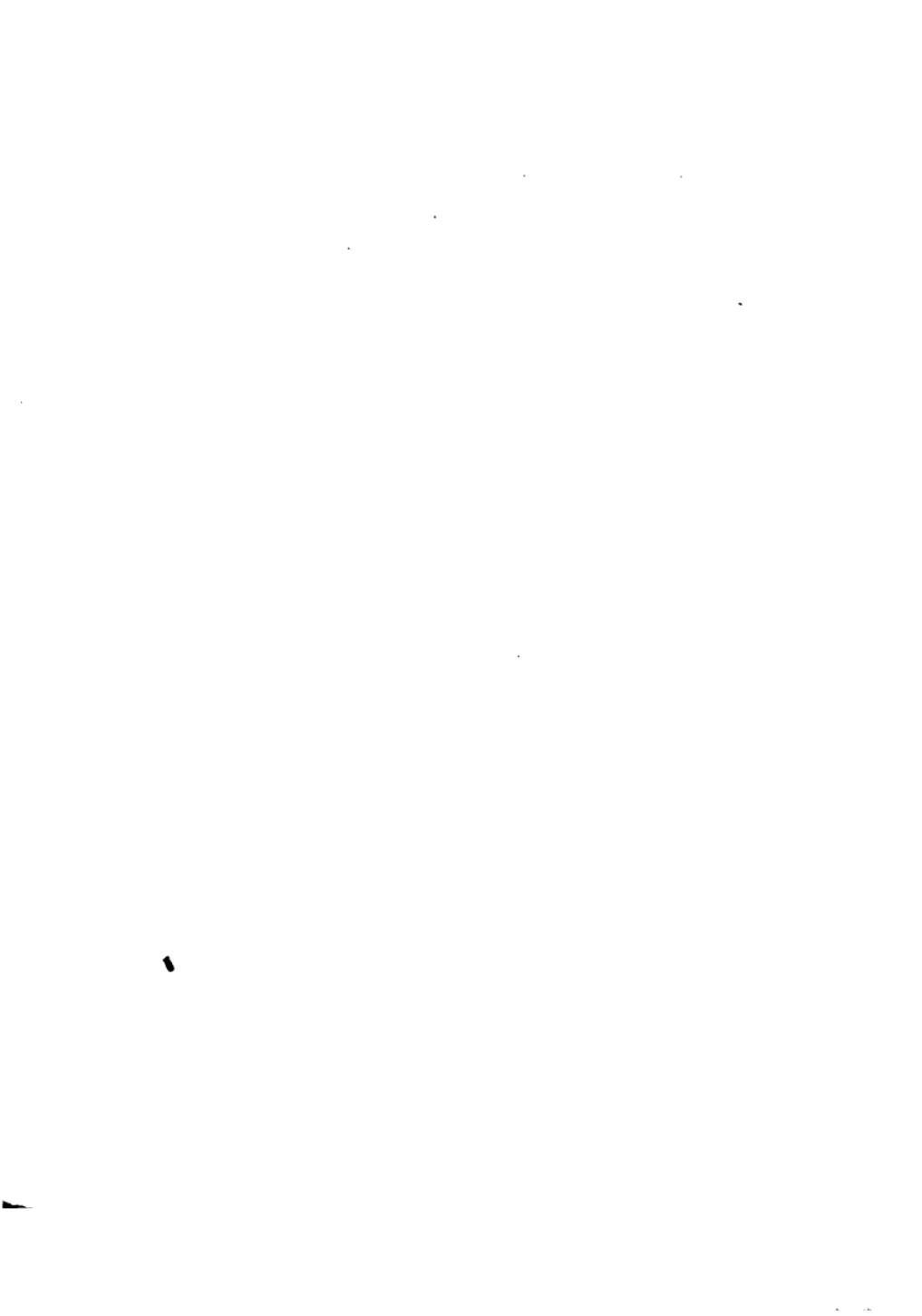
## YEARNING

*To Nelle K. Browning*

Laddie, come play me a wee bonny strain  
And carry me home in the gloamin';  
Take up thy pipes, and I'll follow thee there  
And ne'er leave again to gae roamin'.

For Laddie, it's fair round my cot o'er there,  
With the heather and brier rose bloomin';  
But the hearts that are bidin' my comin' again  
Take the pain frae these long years of gloamin'.

But ah! Laddie dear, I've forgotten I'm auld  
And the years that hae come and hae flown;  
I'd nae find a thing but a hearthstone grown  
cauld,  
Nae a face nor a voice that I've known.



## THE LILY

*To Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P.*

When Christ was nearing Calvary's mount,  
To die for men that day,  
One last sad tear fell from His cheek  
And on the earth it lay.  
On Easter morn on that same place,  
Lest some rude tread might sear,  
A lily bloomed, and in her cup  
She held that little tear.



## AN AUTUMN REVERIE

*To Maude Burnham*

All day there glowed the dull November sky.  
The chilly winds from off the inland lake,  
Have swept the fallen leaves in helpless drifts  
to die,  
And chant a solemn dirge far out where billows  
break.

Some grey geese scream above me as they fly  
To some fair land where summer's fragrance  
fills,  
Far off I hear the vibrant dismal cry,  
Of some wild thing affrighted in the hills.

Ere long the bitter frosts, then winter's snowy  
blight.  
No semblance then of golden August days,  
Thus must I bide alone amid my saddened plight,  
And call unanswered down the muted ways.



## I N. A N OLD GARDEN

*To D. M. O'Connell*

A golden sunset fading into red,  
A humming-bird above a yellow tulip bed,  
A little fountain weeping near a rose-hung wall,  
A cricket's evening song, a ring-dove's vesper  
call—

'Tis twilight there.

A May moon glimmering through blossoming  
apple trees,  
A honeysuckle swinging her censer on the breeze,  
A tired fawn sleeping near a star-reflectèd lake,  
The locust's hum, a loon's cry from the brake—  
'Tis nighttime there.



T O - D A Y

*To Orrin Johnson*

Tell thou to-day love's word that trembles on thy  
speech

Lest passing time decree it be not told;  
Stretch forth thy hand to me while mine has  
power to reach—

To-morrow's light may find it strangely cold.

And oh, remember, dear, when my poor rest is  
won

I cannot know thy bitterness and pain;  
But I can clasp thy rose ere this sweet day is  
done

And hear thee say my heart breaks not in vain.



## A B S E N C E

*To Grace Armstrong*

Let not my memory fade when I have gone from  
thee,

But keep me still enfolded in thy heart.

At sunrise or at star shine, I care not when it be,  
If thou wilt think of me, where'er thou art.

Let some belovéd book, or song we used to sing,  
Recall me when the day begins to wane.

A lily pond—a broken road—a violet-crested  
spring,

Or e'en a bluebird's note may hold my name.



## THE SHADOW

*To S. M. C.*

The Christ Child stands with outstretched arms  
To greet the rising sun,  
And near a tree His mother rests  
To guard her little One.  
He looks afar into the East  
Where clouds hang low like masts,  
~~But~~ her sad gaze falls on the cross  
His slender shadow casts.



## THE PENITENT

*To J. E. R.*

Before a chapel altar ere day was almost spent  
There knelt within its shadow a humble penitent  
The place was long deserted, a single taper  
burned  
And shed its beams of softness upon her face  
upturned.  
There were no sighs of anguish, there were no  
sobs of pain,  
There were no cries of hopelessness for days long  
lived in vain;  
But there were tears, aye, countless tears, that  
stained the hollow cheek  
And bore a contrite message that words could  
never speak,  
And on a little crucifix held firm in her embrace,  
Like Magdalen, she looks upon her gentle Mas-  
ter's face.



## OLD FRIEND OF MINE

*To Leo G. Dwan*

Take my hand and clasp it tight  
And promise me that through life's fight  
We'll steadfast stand in loyal might,  
Dear friend of mine—old friend of mine.

Look on me well before we part  
And read the friendship in my heart  
And feel my quickened pulses start,  
Dear friend of mine—old friend of mine.

Perhaps we'll meet some moonlit night  
On some far desert plain or height  
Our comradeship to reunite,  
Dear friend of mine—old friend of mine.

But if our hopes be only vain  
And on death's scroll be writ my name  
Live on, my soul will still remain,  
Dear friend of mine—old friend of mine.



## A R H A P S O D Y

*To Julia ReBeil*

Ofttimes within my soul there throbs a joy un-spoken

That feeble words of mine seem lost to sing;  
'Tis then I come to thee and clasp thy chords  
unbroken,  
And low what raptures sweet thy keys resound-ing bring.



## M A V O U R N E E N

*To Mary Marren*

Mary Mavourneen, I'm missin' your face  
And all the dear ways that you had,  
And I'm mindin' the day that you came to the  
place  
When I was a bit of a lad.

Those long years of love and tenderest care  
You gave me, my Mary Machree,  
Will live in a heart that you helped to make  
fair—  
A heart that beats fondly for thee.

Mary Mavourneen, 'tis sweet is your rest  
Up with God's angels afar,  
But I know that your soul from that Isle of the  
Blessed  
Will shine in my West like a star.



## THE FIREFLY

*To Lilian Tucker*

A little troubadour of night  
Paused to kiss a rose of white  
And in the light when dawning came  
Her petals glowed with crimson flame.



## MY TRUST

*To Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, C.S.P.*

What though my name be held in earthly praise,  
And fame's bright star emblazon all my ways;  
What though my barge drift homeward jewel  
heaped,

And victory's mount by bleeding feet be reached;  
What though my days by golden suns be blessed,  
And crescent moons loom silvery in my West—  
If at the close of twilight's peaceful time  
Your weary hands come not, dear friend, to rest  
in mine.

What though my paths are oftentimes lone and  
drear,

And sorrow's cry the only sound I hear;  
What though fate's waves in anger lash my bark,  
And lights of hope gleam faintly in the dark;  
What though the friends I've trusted most—  
forget,

And cherished dreams by failure are beset—  
If I can only come to you when these are past  
Naught else will matter then—and I'll know peace  
at last.



## MIO CARISSIMO

*To Margaret B.....*

Oh Little Han', Oh Sweeta Han',  
Oh Han' of my bambin',  
You hol' my heart in eet so tight  
Like nothing I have seen.  
Oh Little Face so softa and white  
Dat I am love to kiss  
If I was make a lady queen  
I would not geeve for dis.

Oh Little Han', Oh Sweeta Han',  
Oh Han' of my bambin',  
You no stay here wid me no more  
But go away it seem.  
But many time when night is come  
I sleep to have kind dream  
And feel again to touch my cheek  
De han' of my bambin'.



## THE SONG MAKER

*To Gertrude Ross*

You weave the threads of life's sweet harmonies  
Into a tapestry of golden song.  
You give the soul of melody sublime  
To poet's verse, that makes its tones prolong.  
How great that Art!  
How wondrous seems your pen!  
That you can give creation to a thing  
That holds the very hearts and souls of men!



## LA NOCHE d'ESPANA

*To Rita Olcott*

Bright on the night shines la lunita  
Soft as the eyes of some fair señorita—  
Here in the courtyard a mandolinita  
Is sounding its music  
For light feet to dance.

Pablo is singing to his noviecita  
Pledging his love 'neath a bright estrellita  
While she waves her fan like a gay coquetita  
And smiles on her lover  
His soul to entrance.



## AN IRISH TOAST

*To Kate Condon*

Here's to the eyes of you—Irish and blue—  
Here's to the smile of you—gentle and true—  
Here's to the laughter and song in your heart—  
Here's to the tears of affection that start—  
Here's to you, Kate,  
Blessed be your fate  
Early and late  
'Tis—God love you.



## SWEET LAVENDER

*To Lillian Herbert*

A slender orchid blooming,  
And near a lilac tree  
A pretty maid in lavender  
Is singing happily.  
And in her lap lie violets,  
But in her hand I see  
She holds—all bound in lavender—  
This foolish heart of me.



## A SOUTHERN PLEA

*To Mildred and Walter*

See dat moon up in de sky,  
Honey, will you lub me?  
If you don' I shore will die,  
Honey, will you lub me?  
Let my han' 'round yours twine  
Jes' like some sweet glory vine.  
See dese flashin' eyes of mine,  
Honey, will you lub me?

'Taint no use to hide yo' face,  
Honey, will you lub me?  
Lubin' me aint no disgrace,  
Honey, will you lub me?  
See me down here on my knee  
Jes' a-pourin' out my plea  
Is you 'templatin' marryin' me?  
Honey, will you lub me?



## CHÈRE ANTOINETTE

*To Josephine Graff*

Where have you go, my Antoinette?  
Sometime I tink you have forgot  
And maybe one petite coquette—  
I hope not yet  
Ma chère 'Toinette.

But you have take one grand voyage  
And make me feel so disparage  
That sight of you will be mirage—  
I hope not yet  
Charmant 'Toinette.

Voila ! I see you come encore  
I trow une baiser from de door—  
Oh, jolie fille, don't go some more—  
I love you yet.  
Have you regret?  
I hope not yet  
Mon ange 'Toinette.



## FRIENDSHIP

*To Bert O. Miller*

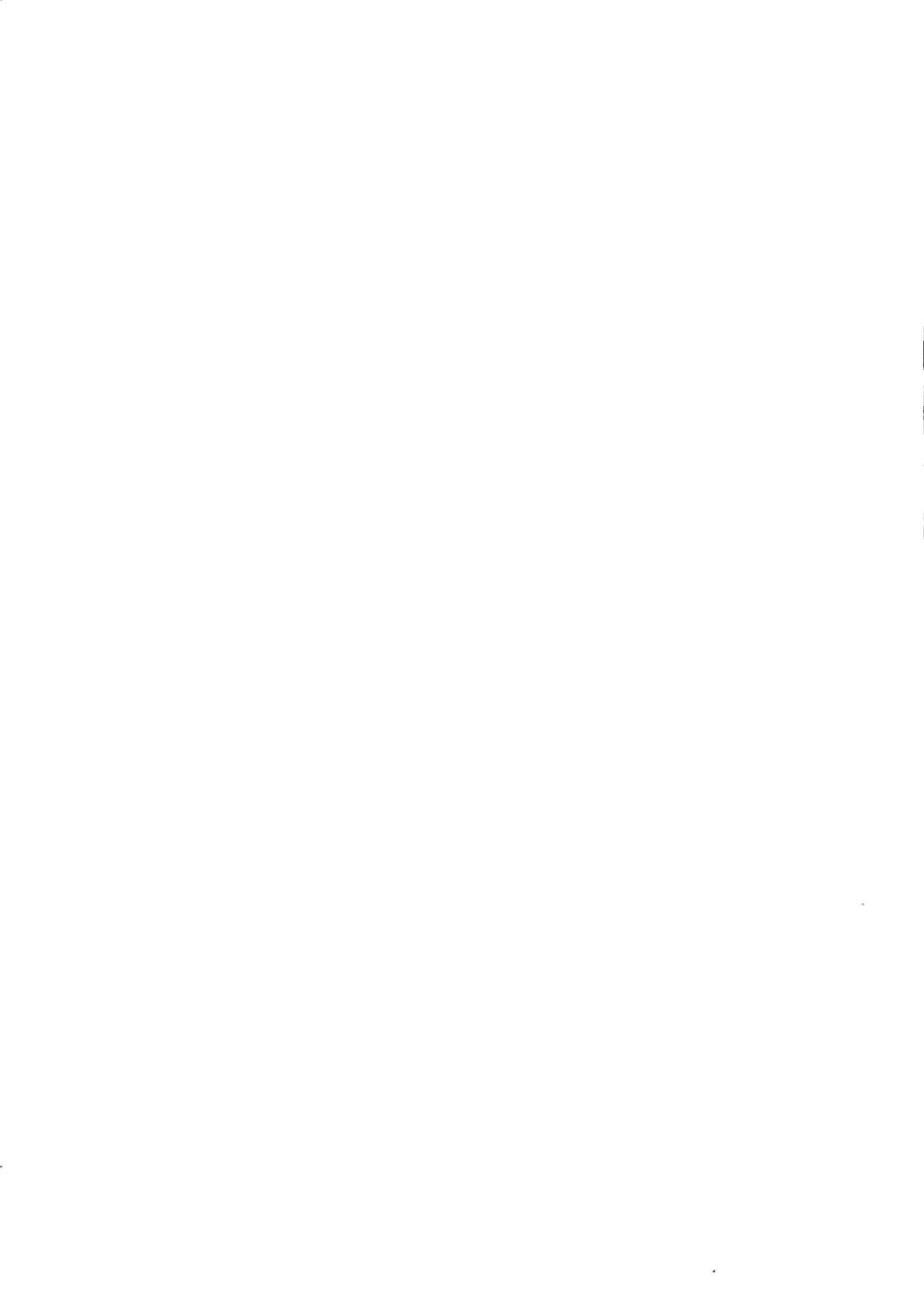
If deep within the confines of your soul  
You hold a heart that melts with yours into a  
perfect whole,  
If through your very being leaps that ecstatic  
fire  
That only sacred friendship can kindle and in-  
spire;  
If you can feel the ever pressing of a hand  
And hear oftentimes a murmured prayer,  
Though in some distant, sunless land,  
Give thanks! For God has sanctified your worth  
And given you, e'en now, a glimpse of paradise  
on earth.



ROSEMARY  
FOR REMEMBRANCE  
*To Hilda Spong*

Will you remember me—now that we've parted—  
And you turn again to the road that leads  
home,  
While I am gazing, lone and sick-hearted,  
Watching you fade from me into the gloam.

Will you recall me, at some twilight's ending,  
As you seek again those green hills that we  
knew,  
While from the distance my cold lips are sending  
Life's last sweet message, my love-prayer, to  
you.



## S A N C T I F I E D

*To Mrs. P. J. Barrett*

Shed thou no tears beside my vine-clad tomb,  
Nor call my name, nor bid me to return,  
For I was weary, and Life's hand of gloom  
Holds me no more; within its fragile urn  
Two flaming lamps I had to light my way:  
One, mother-love; the other, glowing prayer.  
Cease then to mourn, for in this endless day  
My soul has found a God most wondrous fair.



## AT MUSIC'S SHRINE

*To Edna Peterson*

Thy gentle fingers touch the snowy keys,  
As some fair goddess weaves her golden lute.  
And melody's caressing charms ascend—  
I listen—with enraptured senses—mute.  
For Thou, Sweet Lady, with this magic gift,  
That is thine own in such a goodly part,  
Hast power to lift my soul beyond life's sting,  
And keep love's sacred trust within my heart.



## LOVE WATCHES

### *To My Father*

Why do you seek that cold grey rock, out where  
the waves are meeting?

Sure 'twill break your heart, poor weary child,  
to list to their weary beating.

Your little world of yesterday lies crushed, aroon,  
and dying—

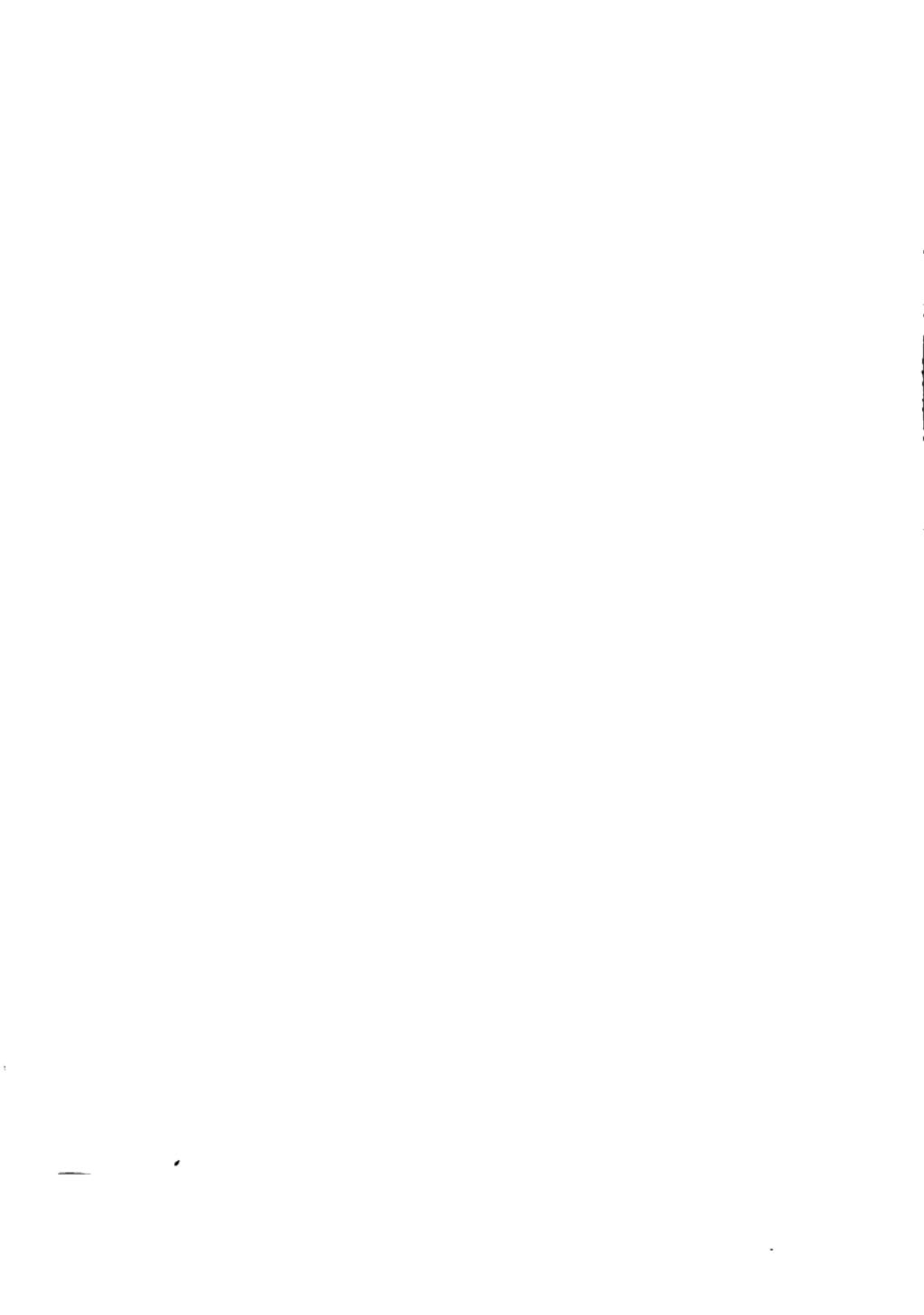
Oh lamb of my soul, come home to my arms, for  
'tis I can hear your crying.

Let me press your head 'gainst my throbbing  
breast and kiss each tear that's falling,

And hear again of your ship that sailed too far  
from the heed of your calling.

And when your eyes of softest blue are closed by  
the croon of my singing,

I'll watch by the side of you all the night through,  
God knows what the morn will be bringing.



## M O T H E R H O O D

*To Mazie*

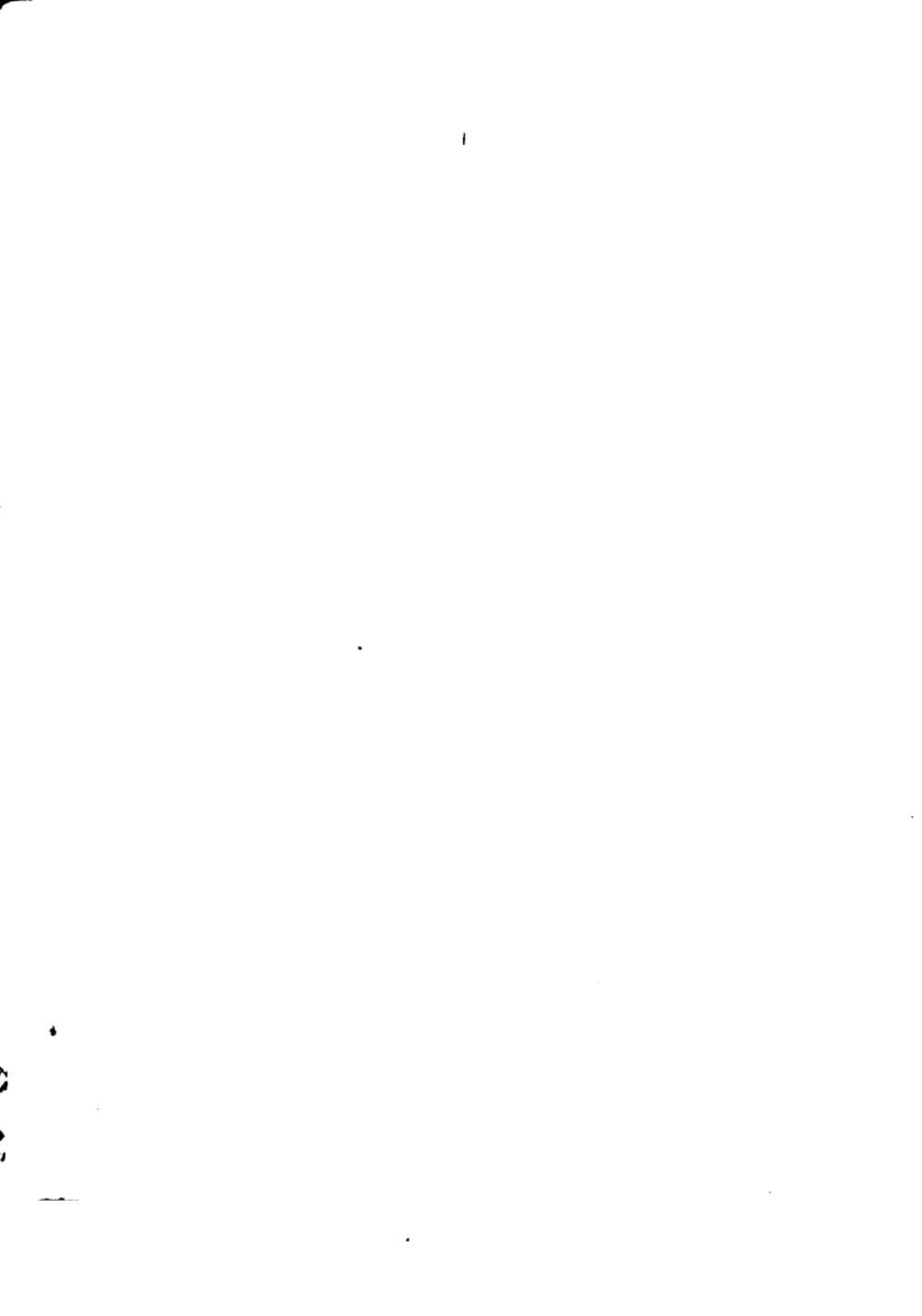
Each child of thine to thee is bound by some  
belovèd charm,

And as the oak has need of branch and bough  
So hast thou want of them that nestled once upon  
thine arm,

For in their love is thy blessed haven now.

Sweet Motherhood! Divinest gift of all that  
God can give!

Thou art the thing supreme of all the race.  
From thee does man seek first his heritage to live;  
From thee doth come his courage, strength,  
and grace.



## M A M M Y

*To Duke F.....*

Dere's jes' one light dat gives de world de sun-  
shine

An' jes' one vast expandin' sky of blue,  
Dere's jes' one moon a-beamin' in de nighttime  
An' jes' one mammy in de world like you.

Dere's jes' one heart dat always holds my sorrow  
An' jes' one soul dat always takes my hand,  
Dere's jes' one voice dat cheers me for de mor-  
row,  
I loves you, honey, doan you understand?

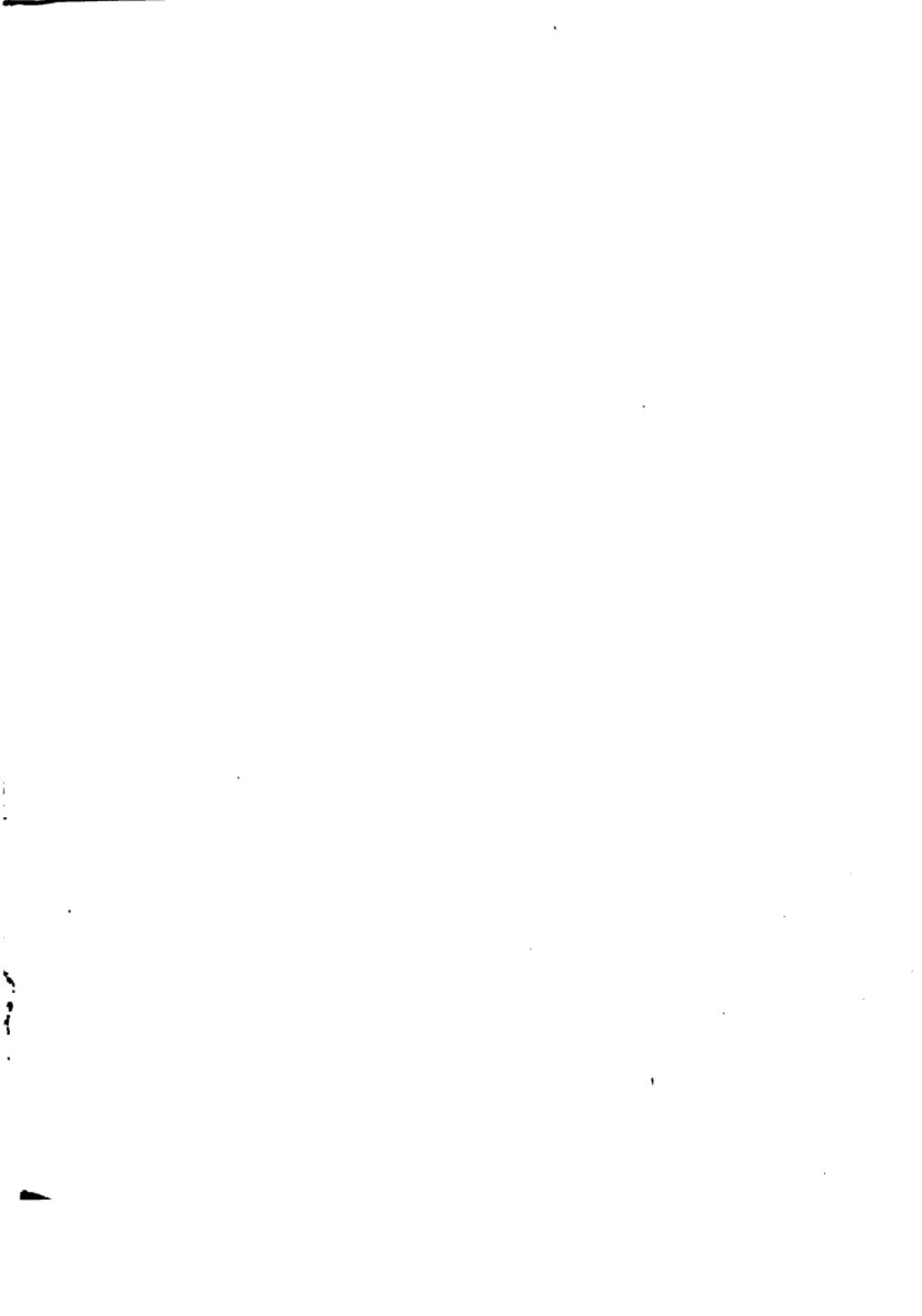


## A F T E R W A R D S

*To Ethel B. Reeves*

After the night's weary watching,  
After the longing and pain,  
Daybreak at last on the skyline,  
And hope in my soul once again.

After life's pitiless journey,  
After the heartbreaks and tears,  
Rest in the grey ebbing twilight,  
Sleep and God's peace for all fears.



## R E Q U I E S C A T

### *To My Mother*

Sweet Crucified, have mercy on her soul!  
And grant to her the gaining of that eternal goal  
Wherein Thy Sacred Kingdom all worship and  
adore  
Thee, Sovereign Prince of Love, now and ever-  
more.

Look down on me and see my tears to-day!  
And teach me, gentle Savior, more fervently to  
pray  
For her whom I have loved and lost, but yet a  
little while.  
But through Thy tender mercies, again I'll see  
that smile,  
And feel once more her presence, and clasp that  
loving hand  
When I have come to Thee, Dear Christ, into  
Thy promised land.

Oh Mother Mary, Blessed Lady of the Skies!  
Give heed and tender comfort unto my griefs and  
sighs,

*REQUIESCAT*

And take beneath the mantle of thy maternal  
grace  
This mother love of mine, to bring more closely  
to His face.  
Sweet Crucified, have mercy on her soul!

